

# Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR  
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK  
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 26.

Boston, August, 1893.

No. 3.



SUMMER.

Engraved by the Electro-Light Engraving Co., Scott & Bowne Building, corner Rose, Pearl, and New Chambers Sts., New York.

## IT IS IN THE POWER OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

It is in the power of Christian churches to prevent every war between Christian nations.

When the Christian churches with united voice shall demand "Peace on earth, good will to men," there is not a monarch in Europe or politician in America who will dare to oppose that demand.

Sermons in every Catholic and Protestant pulpit—prayers in every Catholic and Protestant church, and in great union prayer meetings of all Protestant churches in every city and town—petitions signed by all Catholic and Protestant clergymen and church members for settlement by arbitration—will stop every war between Christian nations.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

## VOICES OF THE PAST.

(Read at the 26th Anniversary of the Pennsylvania Peace Society, 1892).

BY JOHN COLLINS.

A moan of anguish, as a requiem solemn,  
Rolls through the lapse of centuries dimmed  
and gone,  
Telling, by ruined wall and fallen column,  
The wreck of empires since Time's earliest dawn.  
From old Assyrian scattered piles and temples,  
From tombs of kings on Egypt's river shore,  
Engraved with names of conquerors, examples  
Of the vile tyranny and waste of war;  
From Africa's torrid realms, Numidian mountains,  
Arabia's desert, trackless as the sea,  
Or India's jungles and her sunny fountains,  
Comes up a fearful cry of agony.

That sound is ringing down successive ages  
From western lands, by plain and rock and flood,  
As History weeps upon the blood-stained pages  
She fain would fill with records pure and good.

*Hear the deep groans, the burning imprecations,  
Of spirits torn from tenements of clay,  
The chorused voices of the murdered nations,  
Like forest leaves by whirlwinds swept away.*

*The myriads cry in wakening tones of thunder,  
"O Man! the direst foe of humankind!  
How long wilt thou the bonds of nations sunder,  
Deaf to all mercy and to pity blind?"*

*Cursed be the greed of wealth—the lust of glory,  
The thirst insatiate for extended sway  
Of tyrants, known in fading ancient story,  
Or warring princes of a later day!*

*How long shall man defile, with blood fraternal,  
This his fair home where Peace alone should dwell?*

*How long shall demons greet with joy infernal,  
The clash of arms and the fierce battle yell?*

*Heed the past lesson! Say to future ages  
A nation's glory is in arts of peace!  
Let poets, statesmen, orators, and sages  
Their adulation of the warrior cease.*

*Pass onward in your high and holy mission,  
Friends of a cause that shall not know defeat;  
There must be toil, but there shall be fruition  
When armies lay their war drums at your feet."*

#### THE LABOR QUESTION.

How shall we secure for labor the largest possible happiness?

We must take the world as the Creator created it, not as we might prefer to have it.

Any attempt to place all on the same social, intellectual, or financial level is impossible.

The small horse cannot draw the load of the large, nor the slow make the speed of the fast. Every man cannot be Mayor, Governor, or President.

The skillful surgeon, who by hard study and giving his life night and day to his profession, has become eminent, will never work for the same wages as the day laborer.

It does not follow, however, that the small horse may not be as happy as the large, the slow as the swift, and the day laborer as happy or happier than the Mayor, Governor, or President. On the contrary, it is quite probable that neither Mayor, Governor, nor President has more real happiness on the average than nine-tenths of those who work for day wages, and it is quite probable that millionaires in most cases sleep less soundly, eat less heartily, and have thoughts and experiences less happy than the servant girls in their kitchens.

Young laboring men looking at the large houses and wealthy surroundings of aged capitalists can, by a few moments' thought, convince themselves that in youth and health they have property vastly more valuable.

It is a great law of nature, from which there is no escape, that "by the sweat of the brow we must earn our bread."

Bellamy's beautiful dream, "Looking Backward," is simply a dream, as impracticable and impossible as the stories of Jules Verne, "The Arabian Nights," or "Sindbad the Sailor."

Some must study law, medicine, finance, and a thousand things on which human happiness depends, and some must work in the coal mines or every furnace fire in the country would be extinguished, every manufacturing industry end, and we should relapse into barbarism.

It will never be possible to make the wages of all men the same.

The man who works ten hours will earn more than his equal who works only five—the skillful more than the unskillful—the strong more than the weak—the well more than the sick—the industrious more than the lazy; and the man

who in youth lives economically and saves his money will probably have in old age more than he who spends and saves nothing.

Labor will never, in the long run, be able to prevent capital from employing whomever capital sees fit to employ, and capital will always be compelled to support labor, whether at work or idle.

Every city and town must support its poor, and capital must pay the bills.

Anarchy attempting to run our banks, railroads, factories, and great commercial industries, would bring quick chaos, destruction and ruin, not only to capital, but to labor.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### IS THERE A FUTURE LIFE FOR THE HORSE?

"AND ELISHA PRAYED."

"And when the servant of the man of God was risen early and gone forth, behold an host compassed the city both with horses and chariots, and his servant said unto him: Alas, my master! How shall we do?"

And he answered: Fear not! for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.

And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee open his eyes that he may see.

And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."—Second Kings, chapter 6, verses 15, 16, 17.

"And I saw heaven opened and behold a white horse and He that sat upon him was called Faithful and True."

"And the armies which were in heaven followed him on white horses."—Revelation, chapter 19, verses 11 and 14.

Our readers will remember that we offered in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society," a prize to clergymen for the best essay on "The moral nature of the horse."

In one of these essays, written by the Rev. S. L. Beal, we find an important thought, and that our readers may better understand it we add to it the above verses.

"If we note the experience of the servant of Elisha, and believe the story related of him, how his eyes were opened, and he witnessed what is there said, must we not take it that there is a life for horses after they leave this world?"

Otherwise there must be spiritual horses that are different from those in the flesh.

But why not believe that those that appeared before the young man were horses that once lived here?

Moses and Elias were seen on the mount of transfiguration fifteen hundred years after their departure from earth, and we believe them to be the same persons who were workers and leaders with the children of Israel.

Why may we not believe, then, that the horses seen by the servant had also lived here?

Why may not the good Father permit a horse to return as well as a man?

What reason have we for believing that Moses and Elias may still be living, and that horses that have gone out of the flesh are not?

Is God partial in imparting the gift of immortality to us only of all his creatures?

May not others of them be as precious in His sight as they are in ours?

So far as we can discern, reason, analogy, and the law of implication would indicate that they also have a future life, and we think justice demands it."

To those who cannot agree with the reverend gentleman before named, we would add that Agassiz, the greatest scientist we ever had on this American Continent, was a firm believer in the immortality of animals.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Never let any kind of food remain in copper or brass vessels after it is cooked.

#### CLUBS vs. HOMES.

Some one leaves the Boston "Blue Book" on our table and we have been looking over the long list of members of our numerous clubs, and we wonder what the influence of these clubs is on the making of happy homes.

It seems to us that the chief happiness of husbands and wives ought to be found in happy homes, with good books and a few good friends, and not in clubs.

An old Quaker was awakened one night by the singing under his window, which the young man had mistaken for his daughter's, of various airs, and then of "Home, Sweet Home." The old gentleman got out of bed, raised the window and said: "Young man, if thee hast a home, and a sweet home, as thee sayest, why don't thee go home?"

So we say to these club men: "If you have homes that are happy why don't you go home? And if you have homes that are not happy why don't you go home and make them happy."

#### A HOME PICTURE.

Oh! the happy little home when the sun shone out, And the busy little mother got the children all about;

And Johnny fetched the water and Tommy brought the wood, And Billy boy tied both his shoes, as every laddie should—

And Danny rocked the cradle with a clatter and a song, To make the little sister grow, so pretty and so strong.

Oh! the sweet peas and the morning glories climbing round the door, And the tender vine of shadow with its length across the floor.

Oh! the "pinies," and the roses, and the quiver of the grass, And the cheery call of friendship from the neighbors as they pass!

Oh! the scuffle, and the shouting, and the little mother's laugh As a rabbit starts up somewhere, and her "great helps" scamper off.

Oh! the happy little home when the twilight fell, And all along the meadow rang the old cow bell With a twinkle that is music through the rushing of the years— And I see the little mother in the tremble of the tears.

And I hear her happy laughter as she cries: "The boys have come!" And we know she's getting supper in the happy little home.

Oh! the happy little home when the moon gleamed forth, And Billy Boy would have it that it "rised in the north."

Oh! the raptures and the whispers near the little mother's chair As the white-robed little figures are flitting here and there,

And we're just as near to heaven as we mortals ever roam, When we kneel and say our prayers in the happy little home.

—LOUISE R. BAKER, in "Wide Awake."

#### THE MONKEY.

As an example of the reasoning powers of monkeys, Mr. Darwin tells a story of one that was scratched by a pet kitten. At first, Jocko was immensely amazed. Recovering from his surprise, however, he set to work to discover the location of the claws. After a severe tussle he got the four feet of the kitten in his clutches, saw the nails thrust from their guards, and, with the broadest grin of satisfaction, forthwith proceeded determinedly to bite off the points of each.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over fifteen thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over nine hundred thousand members.

## PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the President:—

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

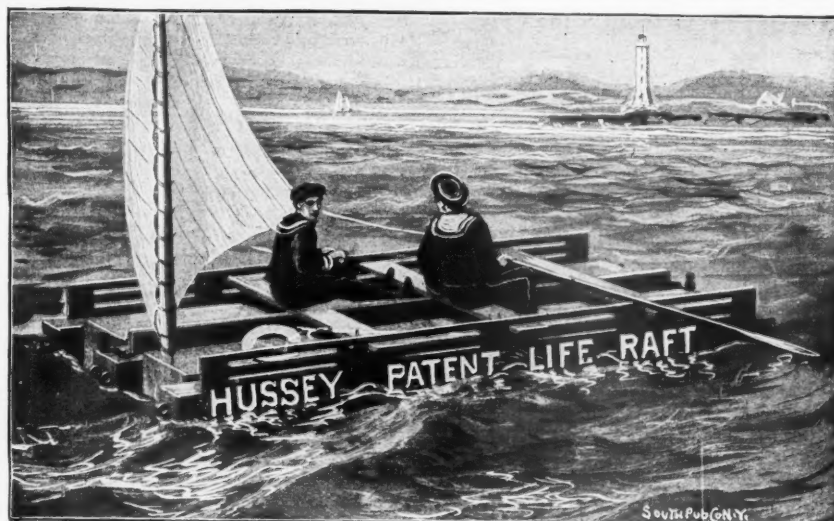
3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



PATROLLING THE COAST.

## OCEAN HUMANITY.

A few summers ago, a series of most dangerous steamboat collisions occurred in Boston harbor.

In one, a Nantasket boat was struck by a tow boat, just after leaving the wharf, and such an enormous hole made in her side that she immediately sank.

If she had been struck two minutes later she would have been in the deep channel, and a large part of her passengers would have been drowned.

As it was she struck bottom at a depth which left her upper deck out of water, and so they were saved.

At the time we wrote the press upon the importance of having on the deck of every steamer life-floats or rafts, which in case of sudden sinking would give something for passengers to hold on to. Soon after some such floats were placed on the decks of some of our steamers.

As one part of the business of our "American Humane Education Society" is to endeavor to save human lives, we are glad to put before our readers a cut of what is claimed to be the lightest, best, and safest, life-raft ever invented.

It is patented in our own and various European countries. It is adapted to all kinds of vessels, and it is claimed that it cannot be capsize or sunk. For further particulars write "The Hussey Life Raft Co.," Providence, R. I.

We take no paid advertisements in this paper, but what pertains to humanity we are glad to publish without price. GEO. T. ANGELL.

## A WHOPPER OF THE BAD PRINTER.

In a short editorial in our July paper in which we urged the importance of enlisting for the protection of dumb animals the sympathy and aid of Catholics as well as Protestants, we wrote "one Catholic has given us \$5000; others have given US liberal donations." The printer changed the U in us to A, and so made us tell to perhaps 100,000 or more readers what may lead many of them to say: well—Mr. Angell has told a whopper now.

We do not know whether the printer who did this is a Catholic or Protestant, but in either case we respectfully recommend him and all other printers to read the 8th verse of the 21st chapter of Revelations and see what becomes of bad printers who do not tell the truth.

A man who sits down on the pointed end of a tack is sure to get off a sharp thing.

## ONE OF OUR MASSACHUSETTS JUDGES.

One of our Massachusetts judges recently said to us, "I don't think you realize, Mr. Angell, the influence of your little paper."

We think we do. We think no paper in the world speaks to a more influential audience including as it does a large part of the educated men of Massachusetts and the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America, north of Mexico. It was through our paper that we obtained thousands of commendatory editorials of "Black Beauty," and have caused not less than a million and a half copies to be circulated in this country—the largest circulation, as we are told, that any book in the world has ever obtained in similar time from publication.

## ALL MASSACHUSETTS EDITORS AND REPORTERS.

The following letter has been sent to Editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and magazines:

BOSTON, July 25, 1893.

DEAR SIR:

It will give me pleasure to order put on the free list of "Our Dumb Animals" all your Editors and Reporters who send me their post-office addresses. While we take no advertisements, our paper goes regularly, as some of you know, among others, to all clergymen, Protestant and Roman Catholic, all lawyers, doctors, school superintendents and postmasters in the State; also to the Boston police, hundreds of drivers, and our about 500 agents in country towns, and outside the State, to a large number of our over sixteen thousand Bands of Mercy, and to the Editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America, north of Mexico. I take pleasure in also enclosing the within votes.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

## EDITORIAL COURTESY.

We see in the morning papers of July 24th, that the editor of the great French paper, "The Petit Journal," calls the editor of "La Justice" a corpse, and the editor of "La Justice" calls the editor of "The Petit Journal" a liar.

We think each had better write the other that he is an ass and sign it yours fraternally.



## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, August, 1893.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to  
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper, for a public library, reading-room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us eighteen cents in postage stamps to pay postage, and will receive the volume.

## BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

## TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty-cent subscription.

Our "American Humane Education Society" sends this paper this month to the editors of about ten thousand newspapers and magazines.

## OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances, to examine our report of receipts which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers, please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month one hundred and sixty-one new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of sixteen thousand four hundred and eleven.

## MARKED COPIES.

We respectfully ask brother editors who kindly send us their papers, to mark articles which they wish us to see. We never intend to miss a marked article, but having as we do sometimes over 100 papers and magazines in a single day, it is simply impossible to see everything they contain.

## BAND OF MERCY SONGS.

Will friends please send us all the good "Band of Mercy" songs they can. (With or without music.) When we get enough, we shall put them into the hands of a competent person to select and prepare a new song book.

## "BLACK BEAUTY" PRICES AND WARNING.

Our beautiful cloth-bound Library Edition, twenty-five cents at our offices, thirty cents when sent by mail; Board Edition, twelve cents at our offices, twenty cents when sent by mail; Old Gold Edition, six cents at our offices, ten cents when sent by mail; Italian Edition, ten cents at our offices, fourteen cents when sent by mail. Lower prices when large numbers are ordered.

Various publishers, taking advantage of our wide presentation and advertisement, have issued spurious editions of "Black Beauty," leaving out the Codman letter and all the humane pictures and information which constitute an important part of our book, and substituting advertisements of corsets, medical discoveries, pills, etc., etc. Don't buy them.

## PROTECTION OF ANIMALS BY KODAKS.

At the July meeting of the Directors of the "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," President Angell exhibited pictures taken with Society's kodaks. He proposes to use the kodaks to show through the press and otherwise, not only high check-reins, and horses mutilated for life by docking, together with owners who drive and ride them, but also all kinds of cruelty that can be found on cattle cars, in cattle yards, slaughter-houses, markets, horse racing, polo games, and otherwise.

On suggestion of the President, it was voted to send placards into every town in the State asking humane persons not to hire or ride on or behind any horse mutilated for life by docking.

Boston agents report 267 cases attended to during the month, 25 horses taken from work, 69 horses and other animals mercifully killed. Country agents report 284 cases attended to, 90 horses taken from work, and 83 mercifully killed. It was also voted to put all editors and reporters of Massachusetts papers on the free list of the Society's monthly, "Our Dumb Animals."

At the meeting of Directors of "The American Humane Education Society," held immediately after, President Angell reported 161 new Bands of Mercy, making a total of 16,411, and it was voted that the President be authorized to offer a prize of \$1,000 to the first leading American University or College which shall, in accordance with the President's plans, establish a professorship of Social Science and Humanity.

## BIRD PLACARDS.

We have left on hand nearly 2,000 placards, 9 inches by 7, offering \$5 and \$10 prizes for evidence to convict persons of violating the laws of Massachusetts, by killing any insect-eating bird, or taking eggs from its nest.

Will our friends send for them, and post them in public places?

## MUTILATED FOR LIFE.

We now have some thousands of handsomely printed placards, nine inches by seven, with a picture of a mutilated horse, and this printed in large type:—

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals respectfully asks all humane persons not to hire or ride on or behind any horse mutilated for life by docking, or any horse whose head is placed in an unnatural and cruel position by a tight check-rein. In behalf of the Society,

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston."

We intend to put up these placards in conspicuous positions in every town in Massachusetts. Will all our readers please aid us by putting them up in their respective towns and cities?

**Don't hire or ride behind a poor looking, or high-checked or dock-tailed horse. Always look at the horses and tell drivers why you do it.**

Where is your Cat?

## PITY THE MUTILATED HORSES AT THE SEASHORE.

We recently passed a night at one of our fashionable seaside resorts, and saw the horses of the "Bob-tail Aristocracy," without nets, vainly striving to get rid of the flies that tormented them, and we thought of what our Fall River friend said the other day about the Universalist minister who, failing to collect his salary, told his congregation that "if there wasn't a hell there ought to be."

## WHAT BECOMES OF THE POLO PONIES?

What becomes of the polo ponies, mutilated for life in violation of law with the secrecy of murder, after their owners get through with them in the Fall?

Do they mercifully shoot them? or do they sell them for a small sum to be tormented with insects every summer during the rest of their mutilated lives?

What is the effect of these barbarous and brutal sports of wealth upon the masses?

What was the effect in France just before the French Revolution, when the streets of French cities ran with blood?

We are toiling day and night to prevent a French Revolution—to reconcile capital and labor—to protect property and life, and the life of our Republic, upon which so much of the world's future depends, but we regret to say that we get very little help from many of those who have most at stake in the great conflicts now coming up throughout the civilized world.

## OUR PRIZE STORIES.

Our readers will be glad to know that we have secured by purchase and otherwise six of the stories written for the \$200 prizes offered by our "American Humane Education Society," and we are now negotiating for a seventh. These stories, added to "Black Beauty," and "Striking for the Right" written many years ago by our good friend Julia A. Eastman, will be the beginning of a new field of literature hitherto almost unoccupied, and which we believe will in the great future do as much to promote peace and mercy and humanity as the stories of the past thousand years have to promote wars, and violence, and cruelty.

We intend and shall endeavor, with the aid of Divine Providence, to have them adopted as supplementary reading,

1st, in the public schools of Boston,  
2nd, in the public schools of Massachusetts,  
3d, in the public schools of our whole country,  
And 4th, in the public schools of the whole world.

The first, and perhaps the two first, we mean to have in print by October.

## BOUND VOLUMES OF "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

During the past month we have been corresponding with the landlords of our leading seashore and mountain hotels, and sending them bound volumes of "Our Dumb Animals."

If any of our readers fail to find on the reading table of any leading seashore or mountain hotel one of our volumes, please notify us.

When we get the means we intend to send our paper throughout the country, as we now do in our own State, to every clergyman, school superintendent, lawyer, doctor, postmaster, &c., &c., and put bound volumes in every public reading-room of all our States and Territories.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## BOSTON ARISTOCRACY.

The question comes to us: Who constitute the Boston aristocracy?

We answer there is:

1st. The aristocracy of intellect, which, in influence, outranks all others.

2nd. The aristocracy of wealth, culture, and heart, which is a blessing to the city and State, and

3d. The "Bobtail Aristocracy," which is supposed to have more or less money, but in regard to whose other claims to respectability the less said the better.

## THE REAL ARISTOCRACY OF BOSTON.

We give below the names of some of the real aristocracy of Boston:—

### PROMINENT LADIES.

PROTEST OF EIGHTY-TWO BOSTON LADIES AGAINST THE CRUEL PRACTICE.

The undersigned ladies protest against the present practice of docking the tails of horses, as a painful and cruel operation, as a mutilation of the animal for life, and as a fashion devoid of grace and beauty:—

Mrs. Robert Treat Paine, Mrs. Bryant, Mrs. Martin Brimmer, Mrs. John Bigelow, Mrs. Amos A. Lawrence, Mrs. O. W. Peabody, Mrs. J. T. Cushing, Mrs. Charles W. Elliot, Mrs. Mary Hemenway, Miss Anna C. Lowell, Mrs. G. H. Shaw, Mrs. Algernon Coolidge, Mrs. P. H. Sears, Mrs. Chas. P. Putnam, Mrs. Wm. F. Cary, Miss M. M. Hunt, Mrs. Appleton, Mrs. Walter C. Cabot, Mrs. Francis P. Sprague, Mrs. Edward Cunningham, Mrs. Robert G. Shaw, Mrs. Louise Agassiz, Mrs. F. W. Sargent, Mrs. Augustus Hemenway, Jr., Mrs. F. R. Sears, Jr., Mrs. Arthur T. Lyman, Mrs. A. S. Wheeler, Mrs. G. A. Hilton, Mrs. Dwight, Miss Lyman, Miss Wharton, Miss Annie P. Loring, Miss Dodge, Miss Alice Russell, Miss Goddard, Miss Elizabeth C. Putnam, Miss Edith Rotch, Miss Miriam P. Loring, Miss A. Morrill, Miss Sarah C. Paine, Mrs. Francis Brooks, Mrs. John Lowell, Mrs. Rotch, Mrs. Fields, Mrs. C. J. Paine, Mrs. J. Collins Warren, Mrs. Wharton, Miss Eliza C. Winthrop, Mrs. George Bate Blake, Miss Lucy A. Folger, Mrs. George J. Fiske, Mrs. R. D. Smith, Mrs. Frederic Cunningham, Jr., Mrs. W. P. Lyman, Mrs. James Jackson, Mrs. Walter Dabney, Mrs. Mary B. Clafin, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Richard Codman, Mrs. Francis Allen, Mrs. Henry Whitman, Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb, Mrs. Parkinson, Mrs. Richard Warren, Mrs. Dr. Brown, Mrs. David W. Cheever, Miss M. P. Sears, Miss S. D. Gore, Miss A. M. Storer, Miss Lily Bangs, Miss Marianne Paine, Miss Lily Ward, Miss A. L. Sears, Miss M. G. Storer, Miss Helen Paine, Miss A. F. Reynolds, Mrs. Chas. G. Loring, Miss Clara T. Endicott, Miss Sarah B. Fay, Mrs. Charles H. Dorr, Mrs. George W. Wales, Miss Helen Loring.

### DOCKED HORSES.

We are glad to know that very few Boston people who own carriages now use mutilated horses.

The mutilated horses have been pretty generally sold at low prices, to be used in hacks and herdies.

### DOCKING HORSES—\$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the life mutilation of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

### FROM A GOOD FRIEND.

July 16, 1893.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

Will you please accept the enclosed one hundred dollars sent by a devoted friend of animals; please use it to further the translation of "Black Beauty" into the East Indian, Greek or Telegu language, whichever needs financial aid the most.

Respectfully,

A FRIEND.

"What makes the Mediterranean so blue?"  
"Well, I guess it would make you blue if you had to wash the shores of Italy."



### A BEAUTIFUL BAND OF MERCY CARD.

Our good friend, Mr. L. Prang, of Boston, has gotten up a beautiful "Band of Mercy" card, five inches by four, containing in colors on one side the above, considerably enlarged, and on the other side our "Band of Mercy" badge and pledge, and the words from Longfellow:—

"Dare to stand the friend  
Of every friendless beast."

We can supply them at our offices at four cents, or sent by mail, five. A reduced price for large orders.

Kind letter from a Vice president of our American Humane Education Society:

July 13, 1893.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

Please accept with my kind and ever grateful regards the enclosed check for one hundred dollars for your American Humane Education Society. If agreeable to you, I should like to feel that with it I could ask you to send your new translation of "Black Beauty" into Spanish districts, where suffering and abused animals sorely need sympathy and aid.

Respectfully,

A FRIEND.

### FROM A NEW YORK LADY.

CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I thank you for your kind letter with its most interesting clippings. Will you please send me a copy of "Spanish Black Beauty;" also, 30 copies July "Our Dumb Animals," and 20 copies May "Our Dumb Animals." The success and prospects of your far-reaching work are truly phenomenal.

When the Infanta was here I wrote her and sent her "Black Beauty" and your publications, giving her my kind wishes for herself, &c., &c., and asking her kind attention to the publications, wishing that the little children of her far famed land of history and romance might share with the children of my own country the pleasures and benefits bestowed by our "American Humane Education Society." I sent her also handsome roses, wishing her to give the matter attention. It was the eve of her sailing, and perhaps otherwise she might have responded.

I am thankful you are feeling so well. With our sincere regards,

G. K.

### WILLS.

It is a pleasure to know that friends in other States are taking interest in our "American Humane Education Society."

We have recently been notified of three wills: of a gentleman in Texas, another in Chicago, and a lady in New Hampshire, in which it is remembered.

Our American Humane Education Society's missionary, Mr. Hubbard, is now at work in Indiana.

### OUR HEALTH.

In answer to many letters received at our offices, we take pleasure in saying that while we are still troubled more or less nights by asthma, in other respects we think our health since our return from the South, two and a half months since, has been quite as good as at any time for several years. The doctors say our lungs and heart are in good condition.

Some years ago a St. Paul, Minn., reporter described us as in "the youth of old age."

While having now passed three score and ten, we can hardly claim to come under that description. We still have strong hopes that with proper care we may be able to work in this world ten years longer.

We wish we could say twenty.

### ASSASSINATION—COWBOYS AND ANGELS.

Our good friend Wright of "The Haverhill Gazette," in editorial of July 12th, says:—

"Cowboys and Angels never did mix well. Better leave them alone, Brother Angell, unless you desire to become in reality what you are now in name only."

To which we answer that we ran a thousand times more risk in the winter of 1880-'81, when we fought before Congress, at Washington, our battles against the poisonous adulterations of food and other articles, and again in the winter of 1884-'85, when, with the aid of the New Orleans press, we succeeded in stopping the bull fights in that city, closed the grounds and buildings and sent the bulls and fighters back to Mexico.

Although we are twice as old as we wish we were, we have no desire to leave our present field of labor and cannot help sympathizing with the man who, when the Evangelist asked all who wanted to go to Heaven to rise, and then all who wanted to go to the other place to rise, sat quietly in his seat and when the Evangelist asked him where he did want to go replied that he didn't want to go anywhere. He wanted to stay right here.

A man's idea of practising economy is to preach it three times a day to his wife.—  
Atchison Globe.

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Our readers can have little conception of the happiness added to our life by many, very many such letters received by us sometimes almost daily from friends in various parts of our country. We received one the other day from a good lady over eighty years of age, in which she said she had prayed for us every night for about fifteen years.

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## A DARK CLOUD AND ITS SILVER LINING.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In the Minister's morning sermon, he told of  
the primal fall,  
And how henceforth the wrath of God rested  
on each and all;

And how, of His will and pleasure, all souls,  
save a chosen few,  
Were doomed to eternal torture, and held in  
the way thereto.

Yet never, by Faith's unreason, a saintlier soul  
was tried,  
And never the harsh old lesson a tenderer heart  
belied.

And after the painful service, on that pleasant,  
bright spring day,  
He walked with his little daughter thro' the  
apple bloom of May.

Sweet in the fresh green meadow sparrow and  
blackbird sung;  
Above him its tinted petals the blossoming  
orchard hung.

Around, on the wonderful glory, the minister  
looked and smiled;

"How good is the Lord, who gives us these  
gifts from His hand, my child.

"Behold in the bloom of apples, and the violets  
in the sward,  
A hint of the old lost beauty of the garden of  
the Lord."

Then up spake the little maiden, treading on  
snow and pink,

"O father! these pretty blossoms are very  
wicked, I think.

"Had there been no Garden of Eden, there  
never had been a fall;  
And if never a tree had blossomed, God would  
have loved us all."

"Hush, child!" the father answered, "By His  
decree man fell;  
His ways are in clouds and darkness, but He  
doeth all things well.

"And whether by His ordaining to us cometh  
good or ill,  
Joy or pain, or light or shadow, we must fear  
and love Him still."

"O, I fear Him!" said the daughter, "and I  
try to love Him, too;  
But I wish He were kind and gentle—kind and  
loving as you."

The minister groaned in spirit, as the tremu-  
lous lips of pain,  
And wide, wet eyes, uplifted, questioned his  
own in vain.

Bowing his head, he pondered the words of his  
little one.

Had he erred in his life-long teachings? and  
wrong to his Master done?

To what grim and dreadful idol had he lent the  
holiest name?

Did his own heart, loving and human, the God  
of his worship shame?

And lo! from the bloom and greenness, from  
the tender skies above,

And the face of little daughter, he read a lesson  
of love.

No more as the cloudy terror of Sinai's mount  
of law



Copyrighted.

## OUR NAVY.

We are indebted to D. Lothrop Co., publishers of "Wide Awake," etc., for this beautiful cut.

But as Christ in the Syrian lilies the vision of  
God he saw.

And as when, in the clefts of Horeb, of old was  
his presence known,

The dread, ineffable glory was infinite goodness  
alone.

Thereafter his hearers noted in his prayers a  
tenderer strain.

And never the message of hatred burned on  
his lips again.

And the scoffing tongue was prayerful, and the  
blinded eyes found sight,

And hearts, as flint aforetime, grew soft in his  
warmth and light.

## GENERAL LEE'S KINDNESS OF HEART.

A kinsman of mine, who fought on the losing side  
in the late war, gave me these pleasant anecdotes of  
Robert E. Lee, says a man in the *St. Louis Post-Dis-*  
*patch*:-

"I was adjutant of a cavalry regiment, which  
took part in the West Virginia campaign of Lee in  
1861. One day my colonel invited me to accompany  
him to headquarters, which I was very glad to do,  
hoping to hear something of my family in Richmond,  
whom the general—recently in that city—knew well.  
We found him sitting at the door of his tent, which  
was pitched at the top of a rather steep hill. He  
gave us a cordial welcome and to me the home news  
I desired. While the conversation was in progress  
an orderly came galloping up the hill, and, dismount-

ing, handed the general a dispatch. He held it in  
his hand without breaking the seal, and said to the  
soldier: 'You have ridden your horse hard and he is very  
much distressed; unbuckle the girths and let him breathe.'

Another and more striking illustration of this ten-  
derness of heart in the great commander occurred  
at Petersburg during the closing weeks of the siege.  
General Lee's headquarters was in a private house  
beyond the reach, it was thought, of the Federal  
artillery. One morning he was standing, with  
several members of his staff, under a large tree,  
when a heavy shell landed not far distant. "Gentle-  
men," he said, "the enemy have evidently got in  
range, and we had better retire." Of course, nobody  
would retire until the chief set the example. The  
next moment another shell crashed through the top  
of the tree above their heads, and all followed his  
advice—except himself. He stopped—and for what,  
do you suppose? The shells had knocked down a nest  
full of young birds, and when the retreating officers looked  
back they saw General Lee pick up the nest and place it  
carefully on one of the lower branches of the tree.—*Inter-*  
*Ocean*.

NOT FAMILIAR.—*Literary Young Man* (at  
party)—"Miss Jones, I suppose you are  
familiar with 'Crabbe's Tales?' *Young Lady*  
(scornfully)—"I was not aware that crabs had  
tails." *L. Y. M.* (confusedly)—"I beg pardon,  
Miss; I should have said read 'Crabbe's  
Tales.'" *Y. L.* (still more scornfully)—"And  
I was not aware that red crabs had tails  
either."

A horse can travel a mile without moving  
more than four feet. Funny, isn't it.—*States-*  
*man*.

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Around, on the wonderful glory, the minister  
looked and smiled;  
"How good is the Lord, who gives us these  
gifts from His hand, my child.  
"Behold in the bloom of apples, and the violets  
in the sward,  
A hint of the old lost beauty of the garden of  
the Lord."  
Then up spake the little maiden, treading on  
snow and pink,  
"O father! these pretty blossoms are very  
wicked, I think.  
"Had there been no Garden of Eden, there  
never had been a fall;  
And if never a tree had blossomed, God would  
have loved us all."  
"Hush, child!" the father answered, "By His  
decree man fell;  
His ways are in clouds and darkness, but He  
doeth all things well.  
"And whether by His ordaining to us cometh  
good or ill,  
Joy or pain, or light or shadow, we must fear  
and love Him still."  
"O, I fear Him!" said the daughter, "and I  
try to love Him, too;  
But I wish He were kind and gentle—kind and  
loving as you."  
The minister groaned in spirit, as the tremu-  
lous lips of pain,  
And wide, wet eyes, uplifted, questioned his  
own in vain.  
Bowing his head, he pondered the words of his  
little one.  
Had he erred in his life-long teachings? and  
wrong to his Master done?  
To what grim and dreadful idol had he lent the  
holiest name?  
Did his own heart, loving and human, the God  
of his worship shame?  
And lo! from the bloom and greenness, from  
the tender skies above,  
And the face of little daughter, he read a lesson  
of love.  
No more as the cloudy terror of Sinai's mount  
of law



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## OUR NAVY.

We are indebted to D. Lothrop Co., publishers of "Wide Awake," etc., for this beautiful cut.

But as Christ in the Syrian lilies the vision of  
God he saw.  
And as when, in the clefts of Horeb, of old was  
his presence known,  
The dread, ineffable glory was infinite goodness  
alone.  
Thereafter his hearers noted in his prayers a  
tenderer strain.  
And never the message of hatred burned on  
his lips again.  
And the scoffing tongue was prayerful, and the  
blinded eyes found sight,  
And hearts, as flint aforetime, grew soft in his  
warmth and light.

## GENERAL LEE'S KINDNESS OF HEART.

A kinsman of mine, who fought on the losing side  
in the late war, gave me these pleasant anecdotes of  
Robert E. Lee, says a man in the *St. Louis Post-Dis-  
patch*:—  
"I was adjutant of a cavalry regiment, which  
took part in the West Virginia campaign of Lee in  
1861. One day my colonel invited me to accompany  
him to headquarters, which I was very glad to do,  
hoping to hear something of my family in Richmond,  
whom the general—recently in that city—knew well.  
We found him sitting at the door of his tent, which  
was pitched at the top of a rather steep hill. He  
gave us a cordial welcome and to me the home news  
I desired. While the conversation was in progress  
an orderly came galloping up the hill, and, dismount-

ing, handed the general a dispatch. He held it in  
his hand without breaking the seal, and said to the  
soldier: 'You have ridden your horse hard and he is very  
much distressed; unbuckle the girths and let him breathe.'

Another and more striking illustration of this ten-  
derness of heart in the great commander occurred  
at Petersburg during the closing weeks of the siege.  
General Lee's headquarters was in a private house  
beyond the reach, it was thought, of the Federal  
artillery. One morning he was standing, with  
several members of his staff, under a large tree,  
when a heavy shell landed not far distant. "Gentle-  
men," he said, "the enemy have evidently got in  
range, and we had better retire." Of course, nobody  
would retire until the chief set the example. The  
next moment another shell crashed through the top  
of the tree above their heads, and all followed his  
advice—except himself. He stopped—and for what,  
do you suppose? The shells had knocked down a nest  
full of young birds, and when the retreating officers looked  
back they saw General Lee pick up the nest and place it  
carefully on one of the lower branches of the tree.—*Inter-  
Ocean*.

NOT FAMILIAR.—*Literary Young Man* (at  
party)—"Miss Jones, I suppose you are  
familiar with 'Crabbe's Tales?' *Young Lady*  
(scornfully)—"I was not aware that crabs had  
tails." *L. Y. M.* (confusedly)—"I beg pardon,  
Miss; I should have said read 'Crabbe's  
Tales.'" *Y. L.* (still more scornfully)—"And  
I was not aware that red crabs had tails  
either."

A horse can travel a mile without moving  
more than four feet. Funny, isn't it.—*States-  
man*.

## ONE OF BISMARCK'S HABITS.

Once when Bismarck was a cavalry officer he was standing with some other officers on a bridge over a lake. As he was about to give an order his groom, Hildebrand, rode one of the horses to water close by the bridge. Suddenly the horse lost footing, and Hildebrand, clinging to the animal, disappeared with it in the water. Before the other officers could collect their senses Bismarck had cast off his sword and his uniform and had thrown himself in the lake to save his servant. By good fortune he seized him, but the man clung to him so closely in his death agony that he had to dive before he could loose himself from him. Bismarck rose to the surface, raising his servant with him, and brought him safe to land in an unconscious condition. The next day the servant was as well as ever. But the little town that had witnessed the brave rescue was in great commotion. They petitioned the superintendent, who obtained for the young officer the medallion "for rescue from danger." And now on great occasions, the well-known Prussian safety medal may be seen beside the proudest stars in Christendom on the breast of the famous creator of united Germany. Bismarck, it is said, is prouder of his first medal than of all the rest put together. One day in the plenitude of Bismarck's power a noble minister approached the premier, and with a tinge of satire asked him the meaning of this modest decoration. He at once replied: "I am in the habit sometimes of saving life." The diplomatist lowered his eyes before the look which accompanied Bismarck's lightly spoken words. — *Chicago Herald*.

## THE IRON DUKE'S PARROT.

An old lady, soon after the battle of Waterloo, determined to show her grateful admiration of the Duke of Wellington by the gift of a parrot, which she took with her into the Duke's presence. His Grace declined the gift with polite thanks. The old lady begged him to hear the bird speak once. She took the baize off the cage and said, "Polly, this is the Duke of Wellington." "See the conquering hero comes!" cried the parrot, flapping his wings. This was too much for the Duke, who heard the pet sing the National Anthem, and accepted the gift. He afterwards kept the bird in his own room, and it won quite a reputation among its new friends. — *Queckett's Sayings and Doings*.

## COFFEE CURE FOR HORSES.

The German naturalist Martin relates a case he recently met of a horse which owed its life to coffee. It was in such a bad way that it was considered incurable, and the owner sold the animal for fifteen dollars.

The animal was then almost a skeleton and so weak that it could hardly walk. The man who bought the horse immediately began to treat it with coffee, giving infusions of roasted coffee beans, and also coffee beans ground and mixed with honey. In a short time the horse began to improve, and after a few months its new owner was offered \$250 for it.

He told Herr Martin he had brought round by the same treatment many horses which had been overworked or had lost their strength and appetite. — *Boston Globe*.

Jones—"I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now, Mrs. G. I've taken a house on the river."  
Mrs. G.—"Oh! Well, I hope you'll drop in some day."

The legs of a chair never stick out half so far behind at any other time as when a man is prowling about in the dark barefooted.

## IT CAUSED STRONG MEN TO SHED TEARS.

As a rule railroad men are about as hard-hearted as the average, says the *Los Angeles Times*, and it takes something out of the ordinary run to bring tears to their eyes, but a whole crew on one of the Southern Pacific's local trains shed tears early the other morning, and a little black dog without a friend in the world caused it.

The Colton local had just passed a little station called Nahant, when the engineer saw a man lying at full length on the track only a few hundred yards in front of his engine.

The usual danger signal was given, but the man did not move, and the train was brought to a standstill a few feet from him.

A glance at the body from close range showed the engineer that the poor fellow was stone dead. In a few minutes the conductor, engineer, and trainmen were standing around the body.

Up to this time they had not observed the presence of a little black dog, but as soon as they approached his master he made a dash for the nearest man, and for a few seconds fought with all his puny strength to keep the men away.

They were there for the purpose of examining the body, however, to see what could be done, and the little dog was rudely kicked one side. He did not howl with pain as a dog generally does when kicked. He simply gathered himself up and quietly made his way between the men's legs until he reached his dead master's head, when he placed his little face by the side of his master's, and after looking at the intruders a few seconds began to whine, and big tears were noticed running down his nose.

"I have often heard," said one of the witnesses, "that dogs have been known to shed tears, but I never believed it until then, and I have lots more respect for the dog family than I ever before had. When I looked around at my companions there was not a dry eye."

The old man, who was probably a section hand, was removed from the track with more care than is usually displayed in such cases. His blankets were carefully spread, and his remains were handled as gently as a mother would have done, and all on account of the tears in that little dog's eyes. As soon as the dog discovered that our roughness had disappeared he became friendly, and seemed to appreciate what we were doing for his master, but we could not induce him to leave his dead friend, and when the train pulled out he was still sitting at the old man's head.

The old man was probably walking down the track during the night when a train came along and ran over him. Its whole length must have passed over his body, but strange as it may seem, there were only a few bruises about the head. He had been dead several hours when found.

## RISKED HIS LIFE TO SAVE ROVER.

A thrilling and unusual accident and rescue occurred at the Pittsburg end of the Seventh Street Bridge about 10 o'clock this morning. A Press reporter noticed a young man leading a Newfoundland dog across the rafts that are moored in the Allegheny River at the point mentioned, and when the outer edge of the timber was reached the dog was given the signal to jump into the water. Instinctively the animal obeyed, but the fact had been overlooked that the current is unusually swift for this season of the year. The dog, after striking the water, was almost instantly caught in the treacherous current and was sinking from sight when Gus Glinz, who had taken him down for his usual morning bath, jumped into the water and soon had a grasp on the collar about the dog's neck. There was a quick struggle, which ended in both man and dog disappearing under one of the rafts. The few men who were present on the wharf rushed to the rescue, and soon discovered Glinz, who still had a firm hold on the animal he had unconsciously risked his life to save, in the midst of some loosely tied logs. Both were soon pulled aboard the raft and then conveyed to shore. To a Press reporter Glinz said:—

"I am all right, except the wetting my clothes got. Of course, Rover is only a dog, but I know he would have done the same thing for me. I bring him down here every morning to give him a dip, but the current was too much for him this morning, that's all. Rover belongs to Mr. Kuttner, of Liberty Street, and is a great pet. I am employed by the gentleman, and knew his little grandchildren would be watching for Rover, and so—well, I am just taking him back."

A gentleman who was standing on the bridge and witnessed the scene remarked that while heroism on the part of Newfoundland dogs was an old story, regarding their rescues of human beings from watery graves, this was the first instance he had ever encountered where a man had actually, not only taken chances, but risked his life to save a dog. — *Pittsburg Press*.

Dr. Wines was formerly the principal of a boys' school. One day he had occasion to "trounce" a boy, and it is to be supposed did the work thoroughly. The lad took his revenge in a way that the doctor himself could not help laughing at.

Doctor Wines' front door bore a plate on which was the one word "Wines." The boy wrote an addition in big letters, so that the inscription ran:

WINES AND OTHER LICKERS.

## AN IMPORTANT QUESTION OF PUBLIC HEALTH.

In consideration of the use which has been made of sulphur in prevention of yellow fever, malaria, cholera, etc., etc., how would it work to distribute it through the watering carts in our city streets? GEO. T. ANGELL.

## APPEAL OF THE HORSES.

DEAR FRIENDS,—While driving for pleasure and enjoying beautiful scenery, we pray you to consider us.

There is much you can do to protect us from unnecessary suffering and permanent injury.

It is true that our owners must keep us through the year, and we are willing to work hard and earn as much as we can for them during the short season you are here, but humbly ask that you will try to create a public sentiment that will protect us from abuse while we are doing our best to make your visit happier. Please kindly refuse to ride in any conveyance that is overloaded, or behind those of us who have had the misfortune to become lame.

Do not urge drivers to drive us too fast.

Do not compel us to be driven again when we have already done a hard day's work.

Fast driving and too many hours of work injure us more in one day than weeks of hard work with kind management.

Do not overload our backboards or other carriages. It is often because you do not think, that drivers feel compelled to overload us.

Drivers wish to please you and do not always have the courage to do what they know is right.

It will help us greatly if, when we come to steep hills with heavy loads, some of you will lighten our loads by walking.

A few moments' stop at the tops of hills to enjoy the scenery will often give us much rest.

Do not encourage drivers to race with each other.

Remember that we need and enjoy a drink of fresh water very often.

Before riding us, please see that our saddles fit well and that our backs are not sore, and kindly tell your young sons and daughters that fast riding or driving often means great suffering to us.

When hiring your horses, please discourage the barbarous practice of docking, by giving the preference to those of us who have not been mutilated and doomed to lifelong suffering from flies and other insects.

And to our owners we most humbly petition—If you must use that instrument of torture, the "overcheck rein," do kindly lessen our sufferings by loosening it while we stand waiting for you.

We are glad to learn that it is becoming unfashionable, and many of our finest horses no longer wear it.

What a comfort it would be if we could get rid of those blinders which we are told are never used in some European countries, and which injure our eyes and often cause us to stumble.

When you find we do not eat well, please kindly examine our teeth and see if they do not need filing down, which can be done by a veterinary surgeon in a few moments.

If there is in your place an agent of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," kindly aid him in protecting us, and kindly encourage and aid all those friends of ours who sustain societies for our protection.

You can obtain humane literature to distribute by writing to Geo. T. Angell, 19 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

Respectfully submitted by your friends,  
THE HORSES.

## SHE BALKED.

In my earlier days we had on the farm a gray mare, full of vim and vigor as a farm-horse, and shapely in carriage trim. She had a sour temperament toward strangers, was balky but faithful. Her balkiness I cured as a boy without whip or severe punishment. The cure was accomplished about as follows:—

One sultry afternoon in summer, as I was returning from the limekiln in a light wagon with only two or three bushels of lime, she took a notion to stop at the end of the lane leading up to the house. After a moment's thought I concluded to please her by letting her have her own way. So I got out and tied her to the fence and went about my work. In the evening I went down and untied her. As she had stood all day without food or water I had no difficulty in convincing her the barn was the best place, and she took her food in a very amiable mood. No doubt she ever afterward supplemented the idea of stopping by this experience, as it broke her from the habit. — *American Field*.

Country Child—"People who live in city flats have lots of company, I s'pose."

City Child—"No, indeed; it's awful lonely."

"I don't see how."

"Why, folks won't 'sociate with the families above 'em 'cause they is below 'em, and they can't 'sociate with the families below 'em 'cause they's above 'em." — *Good News*.

## ANGELS' FOOT-PRINTS.

Every little kindness,  
Every deed of love,  
Every little action  
Prompted from above:  
E'en a cup of water  
In his great name given—  
*These are angels' foot-prints*  
Leading up to heaven.

Every little sacrifice  
Made for others' weal,  
Every wounded brother  
That we strive to heal,  
E'en a word of kindness  
To misfortune given—  
*All are angels' foot-prints*  
Leading up to heaven.

Then let angels lead us  
Whereso'er they would;  
Even let them teach us  
What is for our good;  
May they cross our pathway  
When from heaven they roam,  
*Let us follow after*  
*Foot-prints leading home.*

A clergyman was much surprised one day at receiving a basket of potatoes from an old woman in his parish, with a message saying that as he had remarked in his sermon on the previous Sunday that some "common taters" (commentators) did not agree with him, she had sent him some real good ones.



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## THE HONEYMOON.

From D. Lothrop Company, Publishers of "Wide Awake," etc.

## THE DIFFERENCE.

"Whoa, there, I say; whoa, you brute!"

The man jerked his horse savagely, pulling him right and left for the simple reason that when he had left the poor animal a moment it had moved toward a spot of grass, which it began to nibble, when it was reined up by its angry master.

At the same moment another man who had stopped his team opposite was lifting a dozen jolly boys and girls from his truck and dropping them gently on the grass.

"Thank you, mister," they chorused as, smiling, he drove away.

Out of the goodness of his heart he had treated them to a ride. His neighbor vented his bad temper on his horse. The conditions of the men were parallels, but their souls were as far apart as the poles. Smiles and scowls indicate the moral temperature.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## LAUGHTER.

Chavasse, an eminent surgeon, says: Encourage your child to be merry and to laugh aloud; a good hearty laugh expands his chest, and makes his blood bound merrily along. Commend me to a good laugh—not to a little sniggering laugh, but to one that will sound through the house; it will not only do your child good, but will be a benefit to all who hear, and be an important means of driving the blues away from a dwelling. Merriment is very catching, and spreads in a remarkable manner, few being able to resist the contagion. A hearty laugh is delightful harmony; indeed it is the best of all music.

## HOW SEA-BIRDS QUENCH THEIR THIRST.

The question is often asked, "Where do sea-birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst?" But we have never seen it satisfactorily answered until a few days ago. An old skipper with whom we were conversing on the subject said that he had seen these birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them water, hovering around and under a storm cloud, clattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain squall a hundred miles or even further off, and send for it with almost inconceivable swiftness.

How long sea-birds can exist without water is only a matter of conjecture, but probably their powers of enduring thirst are increased by habit, and possibly they go without water for many days, if not for several weeks.—*Golden Days.*

## THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL CATS.

The Persian cat is born to the happiest fate of any of his family, for according to the tales of travelers, he is, in his native land, not only loved and cherished, not only well treated and admired, but thoroughly respected, and he has an acknowledged position and rights. In form the bewitching Persian does not greatly differ from the Angora, but the tail is much more effective, for the longest and the thickest set hairs being at the tip, they form a magnificent plume, which the dignified owner carries proudly erect, waving in the air as he moves. In his splendid silky coat is not a trace of wooliness, and it clothes the graceful creature from the tips of his ears to the well "feathered" toes.

Unless some undreamed of feline marvel shall yet be unearthed, this animal must forever be regarded as the perfect flower of the domestic cat family. Not only does he easily surpass all his competitors in beauty and grace, but he possesses charms of disposition and manner and dignity of bearing, and while most affectionate and loving is still self-respecting and independent.—*OLIVE THORNE MILLER, in "Harper's Bazar."*

## BIRDS AS OMENS.

The *American Field* records as a fact that, when an epidemic of cholera threatens a certain locality, the birds leave the neighborhood a few days before the appearance of the scourge. This was noticed in connection with the recent outbreak of the epidemic at Hamburg. In 1884, the same phenomenon occurred at Marseilles and Toulon, where all the birds, as if actuated by a common impulse, abandoned the plague-stricken cities, and took up their abode at Hyeres, which was fortunate in escaping the plague. The great influx of birds at the time was much commented upon by the inhabitants. In 1872 all of the sparrows left the town of Prezemsyl, Galicia, two days before the appearance of the pest, and not a single bird returned before the end of November, when the cholera had entirely disappeared. Let us hope that the birds may remain with us this summer.

## TWO RECENT INVENTIONS.

The varied trend of men's minds is well illustrated by the recent invention of two policeman's billies, one of which contains knife blades that shoot out from the interior if the prisoner grasps the instrument, while the other is fitted with a rubber cap to prevent the infliction of unnecessary pain. President Angell of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals prefers the latter.—*Boston Transcript.*

An old lady who had several unmarried daughters fed them largely on a fish diet, because, as she ingeniously observed, "fish is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is useful in making matches."



WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF  
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize  
every opportunity to say a kind  
word or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or  
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## New Bands of Mercy

16251 Franklin, Maine. P., Miss Maudie Gerrish.	16281 Violet Band. P., Mrs. Gilbreath.	16314 Morning Glory Band. P., Mrs. Merideth.	16342 Rose Band. P., Mrs. Beck.	16377 Hope Band. P., Mrs. Ducker.
16252 Baltimore, Md. Golden Rod Band. P., V. Howard Ford.	16282 Rose Band. P., Mrs. Griffin.	16315 I'll Try Band. P., Mr. Hastings.	16343 Violet Band. P., Mrs. Marshall.	16378 Busy Workers' Band. P., Rev. L. Fisher.
16253 Chicago, Ill. Black Beauty Band. P., Miss Alice Peddicord.	16283 Lily Band. P., Mrs. Mathews.	16316 Willing Workers' Band. P., Mr. Johnson.	16344 Tulip Band. P., Mrs. Berryhill.	16379 Mission S. School. Hope Band. P., F. S. Hutor.
16254 Olivet, Mich. Bird's Nest Band. P., Lordy Brown.	16284 I'll Try Band. P., Clark Gordon.	16317 Neverfail Band. P., Mr. Sands.	16345 Morning Glory Band. P., Mrs. Cornelius.	16380 Star Band. P., Mrs. McKensie.
16255 W. Alexander, Ohio. L. T. L. Band. P., Mrs. V. M. Klueger.	16285 Willing Workers' Band. P., Charles Rifer.	16318 Baptist S. School. Excelsior Band. P., Charles Lemberger.	16346 Forget-me-not Band. P., Mrs. Huestis.	16381 Sunbeam Band. P., Mr. Yuse.
16256 E. Liverpool, Ohio. E. Liverpool Band. P., Miss E. E. Tryett.	16286 Augusta, Maine. L. T. L. Band. P., Susan W. Waldron.	16319 Golden Rule Band. P., Mr. Maison.	16347 Buttercups Band. P., Mrs. Perine.	16382 Willing Workers' Band. P., Mr. McKensie.
16257 Berne, Ind. Sunshine Band. P., Carl Reichert.	16287 Tulip Band. P., Hiram Underwood.	16320 G. T. Angell Band. P., Mrs. Maison.	16348 Mayflower Band. P., Mrs. Stokes.	16383 Congregational S. School. Excelsior Band. P., John Hardin.
16258 Gaston, Oregon. Gaston Band. P., Master Bertie Russell.	16288 Cambridge City, Ind. Methodist S. School. Golden Rule Band. P., A. L. Moore.	16321 Pansy Band. P., Miss Greisinger.	16349 Pansy Band. P., Miss Baggs.	16384 Golden Rule Band. P., Mr. Bowman.
16259 Spiceland, Ind. Friends S. S. Excelsior Band. P., W. H. Coffin.	16289 Verbena Band. P., Miss Harrison.	16322 Buttercups Band. P., Miss Maison.	16350 Daisy Band. P., Mrs. Sufferin.	16385 I'll Try Band. P., Mr. Vessel.
16260 Golden Rule Band. P., D. Lawrence.	16290 Verbena Band. P., Miss Turner.	16323 Forget-me-not Band. P., Miss Pritchard.	16351 Sunbeam Band. P., Miss Britton.	16386 Neverfail Band. P., Mr. Cobb.
16261 I'll Try Band. P., Huldah Hall.	16291 Tulip Band. P., Mrs. Patton.	16324 I'll Try Band. P., Mr. Dale.	16352 Hope Band. P., Miss Humphrey.	16387 Lily Band. P., Mrs. Bowman.
16262 Neverfail Band. P., Terrell Wilson.	16292 Verbena Band. P., Miss Harrison.	16325 Helping Hand Band. P., Mrs. Mack.	16353 Star Band. P., Miss Morrey.	16388 Rose Band. P., Mrs. Hardin.
16263 Helping Hand Band. P., C. W. Ratcliffe.	16293 Forget-me-not Band. P., Miss Turner.	16326 St. Elizabeth Church. Golden Rule Band. P., Father Spelman.	16354 Sunshine Band. P., Miss West.	16389 Tulip Band. P., Miss Cook.
16264 Willing Workers' Band. P., John Parker.	16294 Pansy Band. P., Mrs. Sayers.	16327 Milwaukee, Wis. Junior Endeavor Band. P., Archie Brooks.	16355 Helping Hand Band. P., Miss Spurrier.	16390 Violet Band. P., Miss Stodd.
16265 Busy Workers' Band. P., J. W. Brown.	16295 Snowball Band. P., Mrs. Scott.	16328 Grand Rapids, Mich. German Band. P., Charles Myrton.	16356 Wide Awake Band. P., Miss Hereth.	16391 Forget-me-not Band. P., Miss Meadows.
16266 Wide Awake Band. P., L. Bailey.	16296 Daisy Band. P., Miss Martin.	16329 Ellington, Conn. Sweet Pea Band. P., Mrs. C. T. Chapman.	16357 Willing Workers' Band. P., Miss Smith.	16392 Pansy Band. P., Miss Carr.
16267 Lily Band. P., Mattie White.	16297 I'll Try Band. P., Mr. Harrison.	16330 Leesburg, Ohio. P., Mrs. E. R. Beeson.	16358 Neverfail Band. P., Miss Bay.	16393 Daisy Band. P., Miss Hardin.
16268 Rose Band. P., Isadore Wilson.	16298 Helping Hand Band. P., Miss Barfoot.	16331 High Point, Iowa. High Point Band. P., Howard King.	16359 Busy Workers' Band. P., Miss Porter.	16394 Methodist S. School. I'll Try Band. P., C. A. Freeman.
16269 Violet Band. P., Belle Wilson.	16299 Neverfail Band. P., Mr. Strickler.	16332 Bovina Centre, N. Y. Hope Band. P., Miss M. L. Thomson.	16360 Verbena Band. P., Miss Anderson.	16395 Golden Rule Band. P., Mr. Reynolds.
16270 Hope Band. P., Everett Stubbbs.	16300 Willing Workers' Band. P., Mr. Gray.	16333 Newcastle, N. H. Westworth Band. P., M. E. McDonald.	16361 Golden Rule Band. P., David Hazzard.	16396 Rose Band. P., Mrs. Hickok.
16271 Sunshine Band. P., Annie Wickersham.	16301 Wide Awake Band. P., Mr. Hiatt.	16334 Hampton, N. H. Hope Band. P., Mrs. M. A. T. Hobly.	16362 G. T. Angell Band. P., Prof. Burrill.	16397 Violet Band. P., Mrs. Oldridge.
16272 Pansy Band. P., Clara Brown.	16302 Christian S. School. Excelsior Band. P., John Malone.	16335 Payne, Ohio. 1st Disciple Band. P., Hiram Underwood.	16363 Washington Band. P., Russell Neal.	16398 Lily Band. P., Mrs. Winchour.
16273 Daisy Band. P., Alice Pore.	16303 Washington Band. P., Mrs. Copeland.	16336 2nd German Reformed Band. P., Mrs. R. R. Lackey.	16364 Lincoln Band. P., J. L. Benedict.	16399 Forget-me-not Band. P., Mrs. Reynolds.
16274 Forget-me-not Band. P., Lizzie Holloway.	16304 Golden Rule Band. P., Mrs. Whiteley.	16337 Lynn, Mass. Shepherd Band. P., Mrs. Marble.	16365 Longfellow Band. P., Judge Lamb.	16400 Willing Workers' Band. P., Dr. Brown.
16275 Morning Glory Band. P., Mrs. Charles.	16305 Sunbeam Band. P., Miss Whiteley.	16338 Clintondale, N. Y. Clintondale Band. P., Lulu Hall.	16366 Whittier Band. P., Russell Neal.	16401 Helping Hand Band. P., W. Ingle.
16276 Star Band. P., Mrs. Stratford.	16306 Neverfail Band. P., Adam Smith.	16339 Arden, N. Y. Arden Band. P., Miss L. Harriman.	16367 Thoreau Band. P., Harlan Marshall.	16402 Wide Awake Band. P., Mr. Osmer.
16277 Verbena Band. P., Mrs. Henley.	16307 Pansy Band. P., Nona Blue.	16340 Indianapolis, Ind. Roberts Park S. School. Excelsior Band. P., J. S. Berryhill.	16368 Henry Bergh Band. P., V. Woodard.	16403 Busy Workers' Band. P., B. F. Bushong.
16278 Tulip Band. P., Mrs. Teas.	16308 Presbyterian S. S. Golden Rule Band. P., W. H. Doney.	16341 Lily Band. P., Mrs. Van Auld.	16369 Goldsmith Band. P., Lewis Fuller.	16404 Longfellow Band. P., F. Sundrager.
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	16313 Daisy Band. P., Mrs. Hastings.		16374 Wide Awake Band. P., Miss Sowerwine.	16409 Rosebud Band. P., Mary V. Parish.
			16375 Helping Hand Band. P., Mr. Hooder.	16410 Pansy Band. P., Ada Colburn.
			16376 Sunshine Band. P., Mrs. Stuart.	16411 Rosebud Band. P., Mamie Rowe.

## LOTS OF OUR READERS.

Lots of our readers will read this child-story  
with pleasure.

## AN APPLE MISSION.

One day, upon answering a gentle ring at my door-bell, I found a sweet little girl, five or six years old, waiting to see me. A tiny white handkerchief was folded across her shoulders and down to a point at the waist. On her left arm hung a red and black calico stocking-bag. A quaint, curious little figure she was. Her errand was as singular as her appearance.

"Will you let me mend stockings for you this morning, ma'am, or mittens? I will mend for five cents an hour, and I can mend torably well, dramma says."

I drew her into the sitting-room, gave her a small chair by the fire, and said, "Now, my dear, why do you want to mend stockings for me?"

Without appearing to heed my question, she gravely drew from her bag a gray stocking with a nicely mended heel.

"Here," she said, "is a hole I mended for dramma yesterday. Properly you would like a sample."

I praised the neatly darned "hole" and repeated my question. She smiled, and said brightly, "Oh, yes, dramma said I should have to 'splain to you 'bout my 'siety, because you might not know all about it. You see there's ten of them, and they're very tired at night, and apples rest them. You know horses like apples dretful much. Every horse has to have an apple, and sometimes they're so tired

they have to have two, and that's mayer than dramma's dot, and so I have to mend things and det some money. Dramma said I must tell peoples all about it. Do you un'stan' now?"

I assured her that I was very sorry for the tired horses, and that she should mend for me an hour a day for a long time. At this the demure little mouth broke into lively smiles as she said, "Oh, dood, dood!" and began at once to open her bag and hunt for a thimble and needle, while I went to find her some work.

She said little as she worked, but gave such attention as would bring great skill to many a grown mender. Once she stopped her work a moment, and said, speaking slowly, "O, one day I didn't know what I soot do, I didn't have one apple left, not one for dramma. I save a soft one for her. She's dood, dramma's very dood. You see one of the men whipped his horse, and so I had to give him an apple, too; I gave him dramma's apple, and then he didn't whip his horse no more. I was sorry for dramma; but she didn't care any when I 'splain'd to her; she dest dlive me a love pat."

"A love pat! What's that?" I inquired.

"Oh, don't you know? It's dest a soft, dentle, little pat on your cheek. I like love pats. Hain't you dot any little dirl?"

"Not now, my dear. God took my little girl away to heaven when she was about as old as you are."

"Did he? Then perhaps he dave her to my mamma. Dood's dot my mamma, too."

Something made me bend down and kiss her

sweet cheek. She looked up quickly, and said, "If my mamma's dot your little girl, then I must come and mend for you, mustn't I? I could bring my things and stay, only I tan't leave dramma, tourse."

She looked up at me with sweet blue-gray eyes, clear and pure as the sky, eyes whose light shone in upon and brightened the deep shadow of my own loss.

"And what will you do in summer, little one, when there are no apples? Will you give each horse a lump of sugar?"

"Tan I? O, of tourse, horses would like that. Yes, that's dest what I'll do."

"How came you to have your 'siety, as you call it?"

"Well, you know the minister said I must be a little 'deavorer, and help people; and so I found the horses. Some of them draw tawl all day, and then they're dest dretful tired; and I know I ought to help them, tause they touldn't talk and tell any body."

When the mending was finished—very neatly, too, for the work of such small hands—she put away needle and thimble very seriously, and went home "to see 'bout dramma."

After a few days I hunted up my little friend's home, which proved to be scarcely a square away. For a few rods the road approached the house by a steep incline. I was fortunate in the time of my visit. "Dramma" was going to have a load of coal, a little too heavy a load, evidently, for the horse. About midway up the hill the heavy wheels seemed to settle down to stay, and the horse after some patient tugging seemed to become discouraged. At

length, in the midst of whipping and scolding, the tiny little figure of my stocking-mender appeared by the roadside. She seemed to have by instinct the tact of an accomplished strategist and the kindness of an angel. Soon she said with a smile. "It's pretty hard work to drive a toad team, ain't it?"

The driver glanced down annoyed, but the sight of her small figure and sweet face made his features relax a little at once.

Perceiving her slight advantage, she said immediately, "I think I sodd try a love pat."

The man broke into a laugh, and said, "That's so, chick. How'll I do it?"

"Pat his neck very softly with your hand, very softly, and I'll dive him this apple; then he'll proberly pull better," she replied, and stepped at once in front of the horse, and reached up to him a fine red apple. The driver doubled up with laughter for a moment, and then actually patted the neck of the horse gently and lovingly, while the poor beast munched his apple.

"Now I dess if the load ain't too big he tan pull it," said the child. Surely he could and did.

"Maybe you're tired, too, and would like an apple," I heard the child's voice say as they reached the last step of the incline, and she offered the man a small apple, not so fine a one as she had to the horse.

"I b'live I would, my beauty. Thank ye; ye're a trump. I won't hit the old hoss again to-day, blamed if I will."

I rose from my seat under a tree, where I had retired to be out of the way, and to witness the proceedings. Below me was a long shed connected with a railway station. Here no doubt, my little "deavorer" found her tired horses at evening, waiting for whatever business the last train might bring them.

As one would suppose I found my call at the little home very pleasant. "Dranna" was an unusual old lady, most kind, simple, and sagacious. The child always called "Dolly, dear," showed me treasures of dolls of varied colors, materials, and names. With all her sweet graces of kindness and wonderful wisdom, she was full of all the simple gaiety of a child, perhaps fuller of it because of those graces. I congratulated myself on having found such a little friend, and all Christian endeavor workers on having such a co-laborer. When we can, in so childlike and trusting a spirit, work together with God, men will bear and forbear.

## WHAT THE NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE SAYS.

The man who shoots with a gun at things that cannot shoot back calls himself a sportsman. If the law did not forbid it, men would be shooting at pigeons released from traps, and call it sport. If the object is to kill the bird, ammunition might be saved by taking the bird by hand from a trap and cutting its little head off. That would be squarer and more noble than seeming to offer the little thing freedom, and then shooting when it is making its first flight for liberty. Men who have called themselves sportsmen have indulged in this kind of sport. Sportsmen have hunted the wild buffalo until none of them are left in the wild and woolly West. Buffalo Bill is obliged to raise on his farm all of the wild buffaloes he uses in his Wild West Show, and he is very much mortified when the public recognizes the fact that his wild animals are as tame as Nebraska oxen. The meat of buffaloes is not good eating, and fashion does not demand the fur of the animal. The buffalo has been killed out of existence purely for sport. It was such rare sport that Englishmen of high degree came over to help do the killing. Now the deer is being hunted to death in all States where they are to be found, from Maine to California. In the illustrated journals reproduced photographs are frequently seen, showing a group of "sportsmen"—amateur hunters—about a pile of dead deer, as if the killing of those poor creatures, merely for sport, was something to be proud of. Sometimes women are in these pictures, and they are evidently proud of the men who killed the deer for sport. The miserable pothunter, who kills all sorts of game in all sorts of ways and seasons for the purpose of selling them, and making a few dimes, has some excuse for his work; but the amateur, hunting for sport and killing God's beautiful creatures merely for the purpose of seeing how many of them he can kill, might have some better employment on the face of the earth. Just now the *Lewiston Journal* is publishing some surprising assertions about the violations of the fish laws in Maine, among them being a statement that the pigs kept at the hotels around the northern Maine lakes enjoy more of a trout diet every summer than any of its

## IN A NEW YORK COURT.

Judge—"Have you formed or expressed any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused in this case?"

Man (drawn as juror)—"No, sir. But I have sometimes thought—"

Attorney (rising indignantly)—"Your honor, this man acknowledges that he sometimes thinks. It is hardly necessary to say that we shall challenge him as a juror in this case."

—Texas Siftings.

W.—"How do you tell the age of a hen?"  
F.—"By the teeth."  
W.—"A hen hasn't any teeth."  
F.—"No, but I have."



LAYING DOWN THE LAW.

people. If true the statement indicates a great waste of valuable food fish. The man said he had worked at a large Moosehead hotel, and day after day boarders would bring in large strings of trout, which were duly placed on the show boards, tagged with the name of the catcher, for the admiration of the guests. After lying there a few hours they would be carried to the ice room. Some, of course, would be served upon the tables, but only a small proportion of the whole. The next day another large lot would be brought in, when the previous day's fish would be carried to the pigs, and this goes on day after day through the season, the catching being simply for the fun of it, with the result that the pigs live high. And so it goes. Every summer the Maine woods are filled with tourists who go long distances to catch the finest of salmon and trout for the hogs. The fishermen have no use for what they catch, but all strive to see who can catch the most fish to be thrown away.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

## FROM LONDON.

There comes to our table from London, a book just published by Griffith, Farran & Co., in which Edith Carrington has taken from scientific sources and put in most readable form, a vast deal of information about fishes, frogs, toads, turtles, birds, earth-worms, snails, beetles, ants, flies, etc., etc. From this valuable book we take the following, which we hope all our readers, young and old, may read:—

"Nothing can be a more dismal sight than the glass prisons in which the exquisite little gold-fish are doomed to go gasping round and round—breathing twice as fast as they would in their native pond or river, because they cannot get oxygen enough in their close quarters. They grow thinner and thinner day by day, till their poor little bodies can no longer keep their balance, but begin to be buoyed up sideways, like a dying crocus flower blown by the wind. At last they lie motionless, floating on the top of the water—dead."

"Fishes cannot be kept in health and comfort for any length of time except out-of-doors in running water, or water at least exposed to the influences of sun and air, with rain. Those who take the charming little minnow or stickleback, or any other of the pretty little English fishes, and condemn them to an 'aquarium' are sentencing the creatures they profess to be 'fond of' to a slow, cruel, lingering death. Half of such captives die for want of rest; they are chased and terrified to death; you see them moving round and round their places of captivity

till they die, because they want a place of refuge, and to get away. They cannot beat against their prison walls, or flutter, or cry as a bird does; their misery is silent; but in reality it is the same, though in a lesser degree. For all fish must have, all the more because they do not sleep, darkness to soothe them, rest and quiet. Their eyes are not formed to endure the light all round them, as is the case when they are put into a glass vessel. No wonder that they dash from side to side when first placed in such a thing; plunging and struggling vainly to escape, trying to bury their heads in imaginary mud which they hope to find at the bottom, knocking vainly against the cruel clearness which they cannot swim through."

"When fish are taken from the water all humane fishermen kill them, great and small alike, by a sharp blow on the back of the head, and do not leave them to suffer and die slowly."

## ORA PRO NOBIS.

Mary, our Mother! the storm rages high;  
On the lone billow, to thee loud we cry!  
Fierce roars the ocean grim—broken our oars—  
Howls the wild tempest—we're far from the shore.

*Ora pro nobis!* Mother, O save  
Us who implore thee this night from the  
wave;

Send down thy help to us, as sad we weep,  
Shine on the raging sea, Star of the Deep!

Here on the ocean, in peril, our prayer  
Calls on thee, Mother! to save and to spare.  
Listen in pity our sobbing appeal,  
With hands raised to Heaven, thus humbly we kneel.

*Ora pro nobis!* Mother of Love!  
Smile in thy glory on us from above;  
Curb the wild tempest—make calm the fierce  
sea;

Jesu, Maria, our cry is to thee!

Gone are our sails, and we drift with the tide,  
Death clasps our fingers and waits by our side—  
List to the loving ones—waiting at home,  
Mother! their sinless prayers echo our own!  
*Ora pro nobis!* the storm winds are still,  
Praise to thee, Mother! whose plea is His  
will.

Stars shine above us while slumbers the sea,  
Jesu, Maria, our hearts rise to thee!

—H. D. O'QUINN, in "*Boston Pilot*."

There's a hand on the rudder that will not flinch,  
There's no fear in the pilot's face  
As he guides the worlds, like boats in a storm,  
Through the rocking seas of space;  
And whether they make the harbor at last  
Beyond the shoals and the swell,  
Or sail forever a shoreless sea,  
I know that all is well.

## Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. in June, 1893.

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All others in sums of less than fifty cents, \$2.36.

Total, \$98.36. Interest, \$8.22.

Publications sold, \$67.58.

Total, \$963.32.

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Mrs. B. S. Rotch, \$50; Mrs. John A. Lewis, \$10; Hon. R. C. Winthrop, \$5; C. L. Doll, \$5; Waldo Higginson, \$5; T. T. Woodruff, \$5; Miss Cora H. Clarke, \$5; Class 22 of Ashland Avenue Baptist Sunday School, Toledo for Telugu, \$2.28; Mr. Locke, \$1. Interest, \$94.38.

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Miss P.—"I'll take him. It will seem quite like having a man in the house."—Wonder.

## A BEAUTIFUL HORSE RUINED.

"There is as pretty an animal of his class as can be found—if he was all there. I hope that there will come a time when the legislature of the State of New York, and, for that matter, of every State in the Union, will pass a law making it a penal offence for any one to disfigure his horse in this most brutal way. It pleases, perhaps, about a couple of hundred Anglomaniacs who drive in Central Park, and displaces the humane and patriotic sentiment of 60,000,000 of the American people."—PROF. GLEASON.

An English school-boy unintentionally told a great truth when he said in a recent essay on Perkin Warbeck: "He said he was the son of a Prince, but he was really the son of respectable people."—Boston Pilot.

## THE RAIN THAT COMES OVER THE HILL.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!

The musical, mystical rain,  
Borne on from the stretch of the temperate skies—  
The skies that are gray as are my love's eyes,  
Oh the rain!

With the smell of young wheat from the upland plain—

The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!

The mighty and measureless rain,  
That drenches the green, shaking woodland, and sweeps  
Like an avalanche over the dim, tossing steeps,

Oh the rain!

That falls with a roar on the vale's grassy floor—

The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!

The gleeful and glittering rain,  
That plays hide-and-seek with the sun and the shade,  
In showers of jewels that sparkle and fade.

Oh the rain!

That veils the deep meadow and laughs in the glade—  
The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!

The gracious and plentiful rain,  
Refreshing the sun-fevered spaces accurst,  
When the forest is faint and the fields are athirst.

Oh the rain!

That brings back her soul to the Summer again—  
The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!

The dewy, miraculous rain,  
With the comforting clouds that drift close to the breast  
Of the transfigured Earth, by the soft mists caressed.

Oh the rain!

That disturbs not, nor breaks the enchantment it makes—

The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!

The tearful and tremulous rain,  
That sobs by the wide-open window at dawn  
Where the grieving trees weep on the noiseless lawn.

Oh the rain!

Falling softly, like shadows of hopes that are gone—  
The rain that comes over the hill.

—ROBERT BURNS WILSON, in "Harper's Weekly."

A distinguished lawyer and his wife were at a social gathering, where the question was discussed: "Who would you rather be if not yourself?"

His wife asked him for his reply to the question.

He answered promptly, "Your second husband, dear."—Philadelphia Record.

"Our Dumb Animals" comes to us from Boston. Every number we see is a surprise to us that so much can be said for our humble friends and be said in such various and entertaining ways. We wish this little monthly, which is only fifty cents a year, could have a much larger circulation here.—Iowa Intelligencer.



THE BOBTAIL ARISTOCRACY.

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